

our mission work if we proceed to establish the missions already started and make possible the permanence of them before we undertake any more. Already we have missions with considerable debts upon them. Debts should be paid before more are made. Furthermore I venture, that I could take the same money necessary to establish a mission in New York and establish churches in at least two smaller towns and have a more permanent and substantial membership in the end. Our aim at the present stage should be substantial work which will tell on the immediate future. We can't afford to scatter our energies. Let us support well the missions we have already until they are out of debt and can stand alone, and then push out into other fields. Gradually the church will enlarge, missionary intelligence will spread among us and we shall be able to do a work which will stand and press the fight with vigor and certainty of success.

THE ETHICS OF ADVERTISING

B. C. MOOMAW

In some quarters there is a strong opinion against filling the columns of a religious journal with miscellaneous advertisements, or more particularly advertisements that have not been verified. There are good grounds for this feeling that a religious paper should not be the medium of fraud and falsehood, that indeed it *cannot* become such a medium without incurring the biggest end of the responsibility. The reasons are numerous and weighty. The first, chief, and, we ought to say, the only business of a religious paper is to disseminate religion and morals. Now suppose it impairs its influence by proclaiming a number of thinly disguised frauds? Or putting the question in another light, suppose it banks upon this influence to such purposes: as to make deceptions profitable to itself and advertiser? There are millions of people, mostly the young, who are not worldly wise, who bite at a tempting bait, and the religious journal reaches a great many of that kind. It is introduced into the family, clothed with all the sanctions of the pulpit, or the pastoral office.

As I write I have such a paper before me. It is the most popular illustrated religious weekly in the United States, displays the most striking cartoons, covers its first page with keen, pungent arrow pointed paragraphs. The first plank in its "platform" is "The Primitive Gospel." I turn to its advertising pages and find three valuable watches offered free; genuine gold watches offered for \$5 70; 2000 other watches at "far below cost"; furniture enough to furnish a house "without spending a single cent"; quite a number of other valuable articles entirely free of charge; valuable building lots "absolutely free"; a speculative investment in a large city, where the principle is guaranteed, and a profit of from 100 to 300 per cent is held out as an inducement; a profit of twelve hundred per cent on another investment; and a few others

almost as interesting as these we have mentioned. Another popular religious weekly before me, whose editor in chief is the most widely known and one of the most eloquent preachers in the world, a paper moreover that maintains a very high religious and moral tone, distinguished also for practical benevolence on a world wide scale, offers a twenty thousand dollar property for five hundred, and another "investment" which will certainly yield four hundred per cent annual income if not more.

Now all these marvelous propositions may be bona fide, all wool and a yard wide, but the reasonable presumption is that they are swindles without a single exception. They are not intended for experienced people, for no man of experience and knowledge of the world, knowledge of human nature and the laws of business would bite at such bait. Manifestly they are addressed to children and fools. There are so many of these that they make a large and profitable field for the schemer, and when he can come at them under a sanctimonious cloak, when he is introduced by Bishop and Brother and Elder and Deacon, what more could he wish in the way of opportunity? The old fashioned "muck rake" would be entirely inadequate for such an "opening" as that. Take a scoop shovel and a wagon bed.

What a cinch this "primitive gospel" journal would have been for brother Damas, uncle Simon Magus, and our enterprising friend Judas Iscariot. These gentlemen were unfortunate, it seems to me, in being born so long before the days of the popular religious weekly, and profitable advertising. Imagine such a medium with a million subscribers in those simple times, with Paul's and Peter's pointed pungent paragraphs on the first page, and the other gentlemen mentioned filling a number of columns with their get-rich quick schemes, particularly adapted to the "lambs" of the flock. The lambs are sheared and grow wise in the operation, which is some comfort, but just think of the millions of other lambs rising up to take their places, and in a few years Mr. Magus is putting on style enough to make Solomon look like thirty cents. Some of the old fashioned apostles kick about it a little, and Peter even goes so far as to write the editor a letter of protest, in which he said that he had met Mr. Magus in his own town, and knew him to be a fraud. But what was the editor to do? Magus had sometime since bought up a majority of the stock in the "Jerusalem Bugle" and consequently was in a position to dictate the policy of the paper. Peter consulted over the matter with some of the other apostles, and proposed that they start a paper, but when they counted up, all of them together didn't have money enough to buy ink for the first issue. Running a paper was a business proposition, and when it came to business Magus was mighty near the whole thing, and the apostles were not in it.

There ought to be enough legitimate advertising available to reinforce the slender

revenues of religious papers. But if there is not, and they are unable to survive without the assistance of fakes, let them consider whether it would be better in the long run to die an honorable death, or to live prosperously for a time under the brand of hypocrisy, and thrive by betraying the simple to the wiles of the crafty and unscrupulous exploiter.

Savannah, Va.

TRIP TO EUROPE—NO. 7

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I left Stirling reluctantly; the beauty of its situation, as well as its historic memories, invests it with a charm which one who is possessed of any imagination at all must feel the power of. The spell which it cast over me was woven however, by romance quite as much as by history I suppose. The absorbing interest with which I had read Scott's stirring tales when I was a boy, would account, in part at least, for the fact that I almost unconsciously, repopulated these valleys and woods and mountains with a charming company of imaginary folks, and could almost hear again the tramp of the gathering clans. The brave foresters and the noble knights of fiction seemed to be still lingering about the place, and to me it appeared that they belonged there quite as much as do Wallace and Douglas and Bruce. We in America are so far away from the age of knight errantry, that it all seems impossible and grotesque; but in the Rob Roy country, among the crags of the highlands and under the shadow of Stirling Rock, the distance between the romantic days of old and our own prosaic, modern times does not seem so immeasurably great. If one would like to enjoy the sensation of escaping for a day from the prosy age of commerce, to go back a thousand years to the age of chivalry, let him spend that day in the region I have been describing.

After leaving Stirling our next stopping place was Edinburg which we reached early in the evening. I was much impressed by the enormous size of the railway station—the first that I had seen abroad which compares at all favorably either in size or in elegance, with the stations in our large cities at home. We spent some little time sight-seeing in a desultory way the same evening, and the next morning began a tour of the city in a more systematic way.

Our first excursion led us to the top of Calton Hill—one of the many high hills of which the city has more than enough. Edinburg is a hilly city; the streets are steep and, in the old part of the town, crooked and narrow and dirty as well. Little alleys start up at the most unexpected places and extend back from the street between big ugly tenement houses, and lead nowhere. They are blind alleys and are called *closes*. We went into some of them and found filth and squalor and poverty, and children in plenty—poor little dirty, ragged, solemn-faced urchins—and we found too a woeful